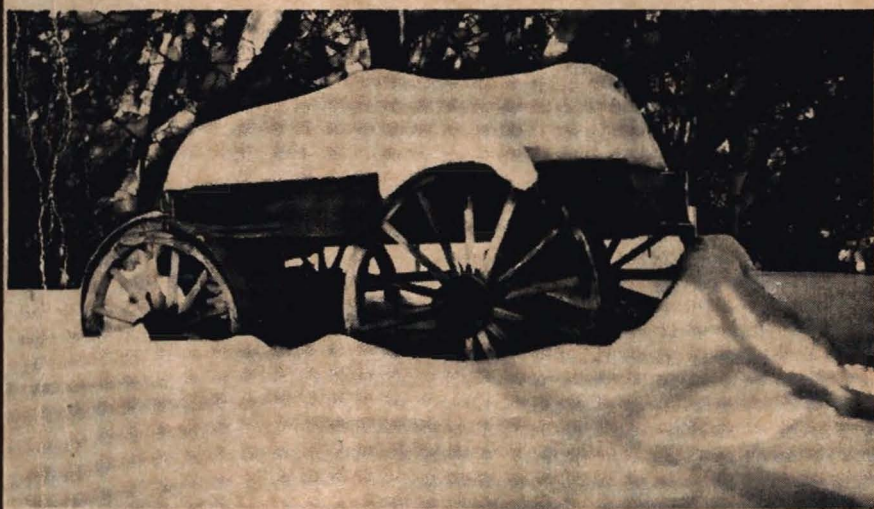
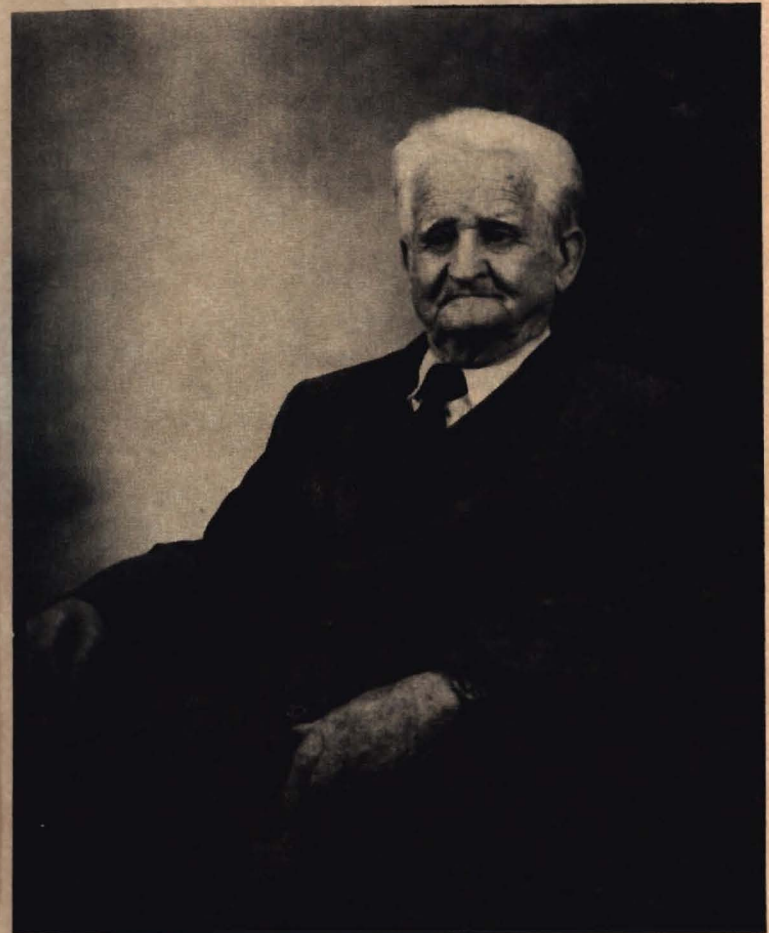


Near Trail's End



Best Wishes & Love



To you from

This is the second collection of poems published by Bill Trenholme. Most of these poems were composed during the years from 1980 to 1993. Bill has been living in Washington Terrace, Utah, in his own apartment, since 1982.

Old G - Granddad



This selection of poems is dedicated to my late wife of 60 years, Irene Neola Weber Trenholme, who left me for a better World on April 16, 1982. Irene was born at Ault, Colorado, January 1, 1902, and married Bill Trenholme October 25, 1922. They had three children.

TO IRENE

For fifty-nine short years
She never made a complaint.
She bottled up her fears,
I think she was a Saint.

There were times of high elation,
There were times when it was tough.
But not a word of condemnation
When there was not enough.

She always did take pride
That we always paid our way.
She worked there at my side
To keep the wolf away.

Disappointments and fears
She never shared with me.
She had learned through the years
"What is to be will be."

And when my Trail is ended
She'll be waiting there for me
With her hand extended
To guide me in Eternity.

May 1982

LOOKING BACK

I'll never see a pansy
But what I'll think of you.
A child-like face in fancy,
Wet with morning dew.

I'll never see a campground
Under a shady tree
Without seeing you around
To enjoy it with me.

When I see a rainbow
Arched for all to see,
I feel sure that you know
It was made for you and me.

When I see the setting sun
Paint up the western sky,
I'll think of what we have done
As our life was passing by.

June 1982

1920

I think back in years of time
Reliving what I have done.
Health and youth, they both were mine,
But worldly goods I had none.

It was at a country dance
Where I chanced to be.
A little girl met my glance,
And her blue eyes smiled at me.

I asked her for the next waltz;
We both were kind of shy,
I knew my feet would play me false,
But I just had to try.

I was there all alone,
She was with her aunt.
I asked, "May I take you home?"
"Well, I don't know why you can't."

Sixty-two years have flown,
Just yesterday, it seems to me.
Though Irene has gone Home,
She's still here in memory.

Oct 25, 1982

A FARMER'S PLIGHT

Dear Old Santa, listen to my woe,
So when you come at Christmas,
My sorry plight you'll know.

I have tried all season
To raise a crop of beets,
And that's, I guess, the reason
Why I need your treats.

I borrowed from the banker;
The phosphate's on the cuff.
The banker paid the labor,
And I charged a lot of stuff.

A summer dry as powder,
(We had a little hail).
We had a lot of thunder,
But rain would always fail.

Patient was the gas man;
He carried me right through.
Not so was the parts man,
He had to have his dough.

The Co. took the first round
For seed and fertilizer.
The bank exacted their pound,
And left me sad, but wiser.

We spent our time and money
To make the darn things yield,
And now it isn't funny
They still are in the field.

1961

OLD TIME REMEMBRANCES

You're an old timer if you can
Remember eating home-cured ham.
It created quite a thirst
If you didn't parboil it first.
Sifted flour before using.
(A mouse is such a dirty thing).
You broke eggs on a plate;
If OK, you fried and ate.
If you wanted the heat higher,
Put more wood upon the fire.
Twice a day, without doubt
You had ashes to carry out.
Put your clothes in a tub;
Let them soak, then you'd scrub.
If the sun began to shine,
Hang them out upon the line.
The lamp chimney, wash it clean,
Then fill the bowl with kerosene.
I don't know why I should
Miss those times, now gone for good.
And if you want to hear the truth,
All I miss is my youth.

1980

LIFE'S POKER GAME

I was young and full of thrills,
Growing up my only goal.
Dad paid all the bills;
He was my "Ace in the hole."

I finished school, found a man
Who put me on his payroll.
Working up, my only plan,
Draw my own "Ace in the hole."

I had the world by the tail,
And on a down-hill pull.
I knew I just couldn't fail,
"Youth," that was my "Ace in the hole."

I grew up, and then I knew
That life is not just a bowl
Of cherries handed to you.
You must have an "Ace in the hole."

1980

LIFE

Life, like playing solitaire,
You must watch each move you make.
You must play it fair and square
To avoid making a mistake.

Shakespeare said, and I do too,
Dispute it if you can,
"To thine own self be true,
Thou canst then not be false to man."

1980

RETIREMENT

I punched a time clock years ago,
And earned what e'er I spent.
I used to think, all aglow
Of my retirement.

How nice it was going to be
To "sleep in" every day,
To do things more leisurely,
Spend all my time at play.

I've always gotten up at dawn
To start working for the day.
Now I get up, stretch, and yawn,
And try to pass the time away.

Will nighttime never come along
So I can go to bed?
The "Golden Years of Age," in song;
I'll take the years of youth instead.

I've found retirement to be
The worst job I ever had,
And as far as I can see,
There's nothing quite as bad.

Jul 1, 1980

PLAZA SENIOR TOPICS

Do you want to hear about
The sickness I have had?
Of when I had my tonsils out,
And others just as bad?

Of when I broke my left arm,
And smashed a rib or two?
Maybe you don't give a darn,
But still I'm telling you.

I know no one could survive
The pain which I have borne;
But here I am, still alive,
Though all I do is mourn.

My arthritis bothers me
Till I can hardly walk.
I hope it stays in my knee
And leaves me free to talk.

I could give you all the dope
Of my appendicitis,
But you'd only smile and hope
I'd get the laryngitis.

1980

SENIOR MESS HALL
1980

What is this? Chicken again?
I wanted T-bone steaks.
We should all vote for Reagan,
And then we'd get the breaks.

No - no - he's a Republican,
And that will never do.
I'm sure that if he gets in,
We'll all be eating stew.

I know that I have no proof
Of things on which I argue.
But who cares about the truth?
I know I can outshout you.

1980

THE DIRTY THIRTIES

During the Great Depression
Dimes were scarce, dollars few,
But nice neighbors had compassion
And shared the load with you.

I remember the tents of those
Who looked for honest work.
Dressed in clean, patched-up clothes,
Dresses, overalls, and shirt.

They were called "fruit tramps"
By the town's elite.
All they asked was a chance
To stand on their own two feet.

They eked it out in their camps;
There was no welfare aid.
They never heard of food stamps,
So what they had, they made.

Now, if they don't want to work
Or take a menial job,
They go to see a welfare clerk
And cry, and lie, and sob.

1980

MAN VS NATURE

Silently the snow flakes fall,
And no two are alike.
Flake by flake, they cover all
The filth of man with white.

Men may come and men may go,
And no two are the same.
But unlike the falling snow,
Some create filth just for gain.

1980

HEATHENS

A calf of gold, the heathen's choice,
To be worshipped every day.
In his ignorance he'd rejoice,
And bow his head to pray.

Civilized man came along
And saw the plight of him.
He told him that he was wrong,
And that he lived in sin.

He melted down the heathen's gold,
(You should have heard them holler)
'Cause it is better, they were told
To worship a golden dollar.

Dec 20, 1980

A POT OF GOLD

"At rainbow's end, a pot of gold."
This fairy tale I once was told.
So I looked, but couldn't find
Any wealth of any kind.

A rainbow arched across the sky.
The ends seemed to be nearby,
But by the time I hurried there,
The 'bow had vanished in the air.

Rainbow's end held no treasure,
If by gold alone we measure.
Though gold is what I really sought,
I found something which can't be bought.

For out there where the pot should lie
I found a man, wiser than I.
Out there where the rainbows end,
I found a man who called me "Friend."

Dec 12, 1980

DEFLATING INFLATION

I was young (believe it or not),
And full of vim and vigor.
Success and fame once I sought;
Be a remembered figure.

I put my finger in a bowl,
And water I displaced.
Foolishly, I thought the hole
Could never be replaced.

But when I pulled my finger out,
The hole was quickly filled
By other water from without,
And not a drop was spilled.

Maybe I thought I was a wheel
Needed to turn the earth,
But old age taught me to feel
The true value of my worth.

There'll come a time, I know for sure,
(I don't have far to look)
When I am just a picture
In a descendent's memory book.

July 1980

OLD AGE?

Just a word to let you know
I'm still going, although slow.
My hair is gray, my eyes are dim,
But going good for the shape I'm in.
Losing pep, losing sight,
Nothing left but appetite.
Rheumatiz, a touch of gout,
Guess my luck is running out.
If Lady Godiva would ride by,
She'd be dressed in her Levis.

1980

WONDER?

As I've gone down the road,
Life mapped out to me,
Sometimes with a heavy load,
And sometimes wild and free.

I have wondered frequently
Will I ever find it out?
What life really means to me,
And what it's all about.

There's no advice I can give
Which will lessen strife.
I only hope that I may "live"
All the days of my life.

1980

THE GRASS IS GREENER

A cow stood in grass knee high
Looking around with greedy eye.
The other grass looked more green;
The water looked a bit more clean.

When she couldn't stand the suspense,
She just ran and jumped the fence.
She tasted the grass, tough and dry,
And the water was alkali.

The owner found her, mad as hops,
And took her to the butcher shop.
Some men, like cows, with less sense
See greener grass across the fence.

4 Jul 1981

BEDLAM

I turned on the TV,
A shrill soprano shrieked at me.
It sounded as though she
Was suffering in great agony.

I switched to another station,
Hoping to get some good news.
All I heard was "More inflation,
High interest rates, and blues."

I hope I'm not the only one
To fault what has been done.
So I'll be still and play dumb,
And take things as they come.

Aug 10, 1981

BELIEVE ME OR NOT

Listen, girls, and I'll relate
How you're sure to get a mate.
Some can sing, though they're not in
With ones who talk a mile a minute.

It matters less how you look
If you can read a cook book.
Girls will learn, if they're smart
A man's stomach rules his heart.

1980

MODERN JUSTICE

Yes, I've been advised of my right,
And I want to make my plea.
A senile judge will see my plight,
And will pronounce "Not guilty."

He said, "The door had been unlocked,
So no 'break-in' had been made.
The gun you had was not cocked;
There was no cause to be afraid.

You had a drink or two,
And smoked a joint of pot.
It's a wonder if you knew
If it was wrong or not.

The evidence is not enough,
And I've a crowded list.
I'm tired of listening to this stuff,
And this case will be dismissed."

1981

I'M IRISH

he Lord took the best at hand,
and fashioned it with care.
e called it "Old Ireland,"
and put the Irish there.

ut some of them liked to roam,
and travel far and wide.
Some left their verdant home,
and came here to reside.

Irish are found in all places,
And I think you will concur
That there are only two races --
Irish, and those who wish they were.

Sep 18, 1981

HYPHENATED AMERICANS

I hear about minorities,
In this great melting pot,
Mexican-, Jew-, and Japanese-,
Swede-, Swiss-, Irish-, and Scot-.

It's hyphen this and hyphen that,
Until I am confused.
Why do they stay to get fat,
If they are so abused?

But there is room, if American,
But for Americans alone.
Come on, if you can,
But leave your hyphen home.

July 30, 1981

WHERE

Where is this path leading me?
Maybe I should detour.
At its end, where will I be?
Of this, I must be sure.

Remorse or joy marks its end,
There is no in between.
The rest of life is easy to spend
If your conscience is clean.

Just one question bothers me;
It's one of which I care.
Where will I spend Eternity?
Where -- where -- oh where?

1982

WHY?

Why was I allotted time
To be wasted here on earth?
Days which really were not mine,
Just loaned to me at birth.

Why didn't I value time,
And set a goal to win?
Time which really wasn't mine,
Just loaned to me by Him.

Why did I loose all track
Of time which passed me by?
And the echo whispers back:
Why -- why -- W - H - Y?

1982

SO LONG FRIENDS

Our trails may never cross again,
Although I hope they do.
Just think of me now and then
As one who has respect for you.

So I'll just say so long to you;
Goodbye has a final sound.
I hope before my time is through
That I'll be seeing you around.

But if I do not make the grade
And wind up my "ball of yarn",
Any blunders I may have made
Were not meant to do you harm.

1982

RICH COMPASSION

An old man, tired and worn
Was shuffling down the street,
Friendless, lonely, and forlorn
Never had enough to eat.

He had always paid his way,
Avoiding debt like the plague.
Now that he was tired and gray,
Too old to work, too proud to beg.

"Maybe I'll get some sympathy
If I started to eat grass.
Someone will surely pity me
And offer me a breakfast."

He dropped down on the lawn
And tried to take a bite.
A rich lady came along
And quickly saw his plight.

"My poor man, it's food you lack,
When you eat, you'll be stronger.
Come around to the back
Where the grass is much longer."

June 23, 1982

I DON'T

I don't drink, and I don't smoke,
I don't tell a naughty joke.
I don't chase after women,
I don't watch when they're swimmin',
I don't ogle anyone;
You wouldn't think I have much fun.
I don't.

Mar 3, 1982

FEMALE PHENOMENA

To understand the "Fairer Sex"
Is quite a guessing game.
She is always most complex,
And no two days the same.

She'd eat out every night,
Dance and dine by candle light.
But at home she has a fright
If the room is dark at night.

Woman will blush and hold her dress
If a seam has given 'way,
But she won't show much distress,
If the dress is made that way.

Wind blows her dress above her knee,
She holds it down quite frantically.
An hour later you will see
Her decked out in her bikini.

Mar 29, 1982

THE FORGOTTEN VETERAN
OF W.W. I

They waved a flag, cheered with a wily good man, why do you bum,
As we sailed away. and wander here and there?
Our job -- whip old Kaiser Bill. here is work to be done,
They paid one buck a day. but you don't seem to care.

"Nothing will be too good for you Please lady, you can believe me,
After the war is fought." know just how you feel.
Well, we found that was true, t's what the doctor ordered me
And "nothing" is what we got. to walk a mile after a meal."

When we came back to Newport News I tell you it ain't no fun,
There was no cheering crowd. een ten hours since I ate.
We received silent boos, alked two miles after this one,
"No dogs or soldiers are allowed." and haven't got it yet."

Some sold apples on the street
To keep the wolf away.
Those who won a war, met defeat
In their own U.S.A.

Some went down to Washington
To ask for Federal aid.
They were soon made to run.
"We'll have no Treasury raid."

You say I'm bitter, and why not?
When every foreign refugee
You give a brighter spot
Than you ever gave to me.

1982

THE TRAMP

ct 1982

UTAH

Utah, please revise your claim
reclaiming friendliness.
I have neither wealth nor fame,
so it's my fault, I guess.

try to stand on my own feet,
and pay wherever I go.
It wouldn't cost, should we meet
to smile and say "Hello."

I always earned what I spent,
and I want you to know
It will not cost you a cent
to smile and say "Hello."

982

PROGRESS

I've seen the "Old West" disappear
Piece by piece, a bit each year.
Streams which once ran clear and cold
Spoiled by "progress" we were told.

The Rockies were seen from afar,
The Milky Way and Northern Star
Hidden now by palls of smoke;
Try to breathe and almost choke.

Where the cattle used to graze,
Polluting tractors make a haze,
And the cattle in a corral
Pollute the air with their smell.

Sometimes I think it is a mess
We have made of our "Progress."

Feb 22, 1982

PROGRE\$\$

"How is the world using you?"
I asked a man of years.
I could see that he'd been thru
Joy, sorrow, hope, and fears.

He had once had a small home
On the edge of the town
Where had lived all alone,
And on charity he'd frown.

He'd lost his home to PROGRE\$\$,
Because he could not fight,
And he answered in distress:
"Yes, it's used me all right."

1985

THE GARDEN

In my garden of memories
I planted many seeds.
Some were flowers, some were trees,
And some of them were weeds.

The flowers give me peace and joy,
The trees give me their shade.
The weeds, I wish I could destroy,
'Cause they're mistakes I've made.

I'll have to be more careful
Of other seeds I plant,
Because weeds are hard to pull,
And some of them I can't.

Feb 20, 1984

MY DEFENSE

I try to be efficient;
This is a trait of mine.
Efficient and reliant,
When it comes to wasting time.

I put off 'til tomorrow,
Why should I act in haste?
When I can always borrow
The time I want to waste.

I've always had to scurry
To make ends come out even,
But now I'm in no hurry
To pass age eighty-seven.

Apr 26, 1984

TEMPORARY DEPRESSION

The day is dark, dismal, and dreary.
It is bleak, baleful, and bleary.
The sun won't even try to shine;
The clouds don't have a silver line.

So I feel blue and distressed,
Although I try my very best
To remember that the sun
Cannot shine on everyone.

Some day the sun will shine again,
And we'll forget about the rain.
Then when the desert bursts in bloom,
We'll forget about the gloom.

1984

ASSETS

Out of the night there came to me
A violin's soft, sad sob.
Stirring again my memory
With each pulsing throb.

Memories of my yesteryears
When I was strong and young.
I had no cares and few fears,
And asked naught of anyone.

But now I'm older, and wiser too,
As I go to my trail's end.
I have learned the true value
Of those who called me friend.

Mar 26, 1984

WEALTH

I've never had the kind of greed
It takes to have great wealth.
I've just wanted what I need:
Food, shelter, and good health.

But I am rich in my small way
Because it can't be said
Widows and orphans were my prey
To help me get ahead.

Sep 7, 1985

FACTS AND FIGURES

Facts and figures confuse me
When both sides I want to see.
You can twist figures and fact
To justify each deed or act.

And to prove your point of view
Although you know it isn't true,
Lawyers go into a trauma
If you misplace a single comma.

If you try to converse
They'll twist your words in reverse.
Justice comes in small amounts
Unless you have large bank accounts.

Sep 11, 1985

MOTHERHOOD

A mother's touch alleviates
Imagined pain and real aches.
She is vested with the skill
To stop pain and cure the ill.
A soothing word, a soft caress
Stops the pain and quells
distress.
Woman has powers to heal
Which man cannot attain.
Her smile, her touch, makes
you feel
That you are well again.
The happiest time of my life,
I spent with another man's wife:
MY MOTHER

Aug 26, 1985

FIGURES TO DEFEND
MY FIGURE

I've lost my hearing, lost my sight,
And now they're trying to take
All that's left -- my appetite.
They say I'm overweight.

I have gained two pounds per year
Since my life began.
That is why I do not fear
To keep on as I am.

1985
88 years - 176 pounds

FIT, FAT, AND FROLICKY

Fit, fat, and frolicky,
Despite these ninety years
I've taken what was dealt to me,
Sometimes joy, sometimes tears.

Nature has abundant wealth,
And She has given me
The best of all -- good health,
And a loyal family.

I know that I am obsolete,
But to the end I hope I'll be
Standing on my own feet
Fit, fat, and frolicky.

1987

ODE TO A CHRISTMAS TREE

Goodbye, little Christmas tree,
You've given me much pleasure.
You're a symbol dear to me,
Of friendship, without measure.

You gave joy to my friends,
Who shared this joy with me.
You'll live on till time ends.
In both our memory.

January 1, 1985

EDUCATION VS INTELLIGENCE

Education -- just a mimic
Of real intelligence.
Doctors practice in a clinic,
Getting rich at my expense.

Some get off the assembly line
And they must practice big.
They practice on me all the time
So I can be their guinea pig.

My symptoms I describe to them,
They don't know what I have,
So I am a bit surprised when
They sold me a tube of salve.

Some will try to save face
And charge without pause.
Symptoms they try to erase,
And to hell with the cause.

When I pay them for my call,
Their interest in me has ceased.
They had not helped me at all,
But their interest at the bank increased.

Some doctors are qualified,
And I'm sure they can be found,
But since the patient has died,
There is no time to shop around.

1987

?FAITH?

It had been very dry,
Not a rain cloud in the sky.
It looked like we faced doom
If it didn't rain real soon.

"Let's go to the church and pray,
Then the preacher we will pay."
Some thought that this bribe
Would put God on their side.

So they went and prayed for rain,
But their prayers were all in
vain,
Because God was quick to note
No one had brought his raincoat.

1987

SUN AND RAIN

Upon my life sun has shone
Some rain has fallen too.
And so I sit all alone
Thinking of friends tried and
true.

My life has been good to me
It has mended my mistakes,
And so far as I can see
Both sun and rain are what it
takes.

1987

REFLECTIONS AT 92 YEARS

When you're 92, old and gray,
And youthful thoughts are rife,
Think that today is the first day
Of the rest of your life.

Think of the pleasures you have had
As you were passing through.
Think of the good; forget the bad,
And peace will come to you.

1989

VIEWPOINT

Stubborn, you may say of me,
I guess it is my style.
But I wouldn't have to be
If you gave in once in a while.

Others' lives would be sublime,
And mine would be a mess
If I answered all the time
With the expected "Yes."

1989

ADVICE

It's best to walk a straight line,
Do what you know is right.
You won't have to pay a fine
Or stay in jail tonight.

You can get an attorney
To get you out of jail,
He will charge quite a fee
To arrange for your bail.

I may not know the answer
But I have no doubt
It'll take more than a shyster
To bail your conscience out.

1989

THE GOSSIP

Give me a little bit of fact,
And I will spin a tale
And tell it to you, act to act,
Down to the last detail.

I know they haven't paid their rent.
I think their car payment is due.
Look at what they have spent
Lending cash to me and you.

They think I should try to pay back
The ten, which to me they lent.
They say the ten is all they lack
To have enough to pay the rent.

They have a nerve to ask me now
After five months have gone.
They'll find a way, I know, somehow
To keep a'hanging on.

1990

INCONVENIENT CONVENIENCE

I went to bed, tried to sleep,
It was half past seven.
I lay there, counting sheep,
Until it was eleven.

I had just begun to slumber
When the phone began to ring.
"Sorry, it's the wrong number."
(Curses on the devilish thing).

I have tried, in vain, to borrow
Some thoughts to put in verse,
But I'll wait until tomorrow,
And hope it isn't worse.

Mar 10, 1991

AGE 95

I've had to be self-reliant;
Computers were unheard of.
Computers now do what I can't
If the right buttons I shove.

But now computers can be bought
At any small hardware store;
Doing away with need of thought,
They'll do what they're told,
nothing more.

I know that I am out of date,
But to me it is the best.
I must correct my own mistake
Before I can pass the test.

Feb 20, 1993

INFAMOUS WORDS AND ACTS

Hoover said, when votes he sought
For the presidency,
"There'll be a chicken in every pot"
If you will vote for me.

"You'll be on your feet again,
And good clothes you shall wear."
So we fell for this refrain,
And soon our feet were bare.

Don't forget our man Harding,
Who we elected to serve,
Not to give away something
Like our Naval oil reserve.

Nixon came along and took
US for a little ride,
Then said, "I'm not a crook."
But I think he lied.

Then we elected a man
With a good Irish name.
He turned out to be a sham;
Deficit was his shame.

We were told Reaganomics
Would cure what ailed us,
So we took all his tonics,
And got Reaganitis.

(Cont'd on Pg 39)

INFAMOUS WORDS AND ACTS (CONT'D)

What about our man Reagan?
Only time will tell.
On my scale of one to ten
He didn't do so well.

"No new taxes, read my lips."
This we all heard Bush say.
Was it just one of his slips
To help him on his way?

Please tell me this, my reader,
Is it your fault or mine
That we can't trust your leader
To be honest some of the time?

1991

CREAM OR SCUM

Cream and Scum rise to the top,
And there their likeness ends.
Scum will gain wealth and then stop,
While Cream has gained some friends.

Cream will win in the long race;
No shortcuts will it take.
While Scum tumbles on its face,
Cream avoids Scum's mistakes.

1991

TOPSY-TURVY

Some things I couldn't bear,
Like argue with a mad bear,
Or race with a wild hare
To have him win by a hair.

I am not the only one
To admit that he had won.
I am going to a boat sale
So that then I can set sail.

Some go to church and pray;
Others stay at home and prey.
I look out the window pane
When arthritis gives me pain.

I could go on like this for days,
But just leave you in a daze.
So I guess I'll just wait
Until my thoughts have more weight.

1991

LOAFING AT 93

Loafing is what I do best,
I practice it with care.
I arise without protest
To meet it fair and square.

I arise at dawn's first light
To get in a full day
Of loafing, morning 'till night,
And then I hit the hay.

So please help my joy to fulfill.
Call me a lazy oaf
When you see me lying still,
But I sure like to loaf.

1990

AT LAST

Ninety-four years it's taken me
To get as tired as I am,
But I'll rest up, just wait and see,
And I'll be like a new man.

You gave me the lift I needed,
And so I am elated,
For at last I have succeeded;
You're the friend for which I've
waited.

1991

A MISSPENT LIFE?

When I had finished up my day
And to home I'd wend my way,
I always heard someone holler:
"One more day, one more dollar."

But this was years and years ago,
A time you will never know.
I like it best that I don't care
To be rated a "Millionaire."

I never took a single buck
From one who was down on luck.
I'll try my best not to owe
Anyone before I go.

Oct 27, 1992

DON'T

Never let your food go to waste,
Because hunger you may soon know.
Never let your food go to waist,
Or a big belly you will grow.

I don't mean for you to fast,
Or restrict yourself in any way,
But you'll lose weight very fast
If you will do just as I say.

This advice, a wise man heeds
If he would lose a lot of weight.
Don't eat more than your body needs.
Make the undertaker wait.

Feb 25, 1993

HALLOWEEN 1992

The old witch came, astride her broom,
Cackling a laugh in mirthless glee.
"I'll come and visit you real soon,
And then you can come home with me."
She brought me cookies and ice cream,
And wished me a good Halloween.
She said that I'd be Prince of Hell
If to her my soul I would sell.
I'm glad I kept my self-esteem.
I'm glad that was just a bad dream.

Oct 31, 1992

SENSIBLE NONSENSE

Dan Druff courted Dia Rhea.
They got along real well
Until she caught the pyorrhea,
And then it turned to Hell.

Lum Bago came along that night
Looking for pushovers.
He quickly saw her saddening plight,
And left for better clovers.

So she went right on down the line,
Her judgment getting worse.
She sought pleasure all of the time,
But her last ride was in the hearse.

Jan 1993

U.S. ARMY SN 1641380 (WW I)

When just a kid, twenty years old,
I thought I was a man, tried and true.
I enlisted, thoughtless, wild, and bold,
To defend the Red, White, and Blue.
The Army sent me overseas
To bring the Kaiser to his knees.
Traveling in a side-door Pullman,
Holding eight horses or forty men.
At night, we traveled on and on
Until we reached the Aragon.
When the Kaiser heard I was there,
He quickly gave up in despair.
He told his men, with a big scowl,
"It's no use, throw in the towel."

Nov 11, 1992

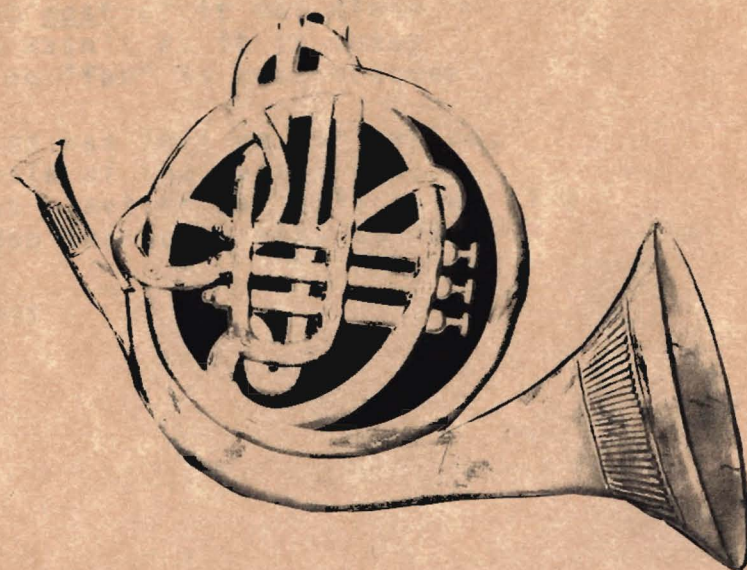
WORK FORCE

Here I am, not quite sound,
But I sometimes am real vexed.
I want to stick around
To see what happens next.

We make our goods overseas;
Big business takes the profit.
It brings us to our knees
As we pay the deficit.

Feb 1993

TRIBUTES



AGE

A tribute to Dab Platte

Eight month's difference, that is all,
But ten years in our size.
Mutt and Jeff, they would call,
And therein the story lies.

We were never far apart;
Most always found together.
Kids like us, not too smart,
Had many things to weather.

We thinned beets, put up hay,
And weeded onions too.
We had little time to play
Until our job was through.

Then we'd cut loose, have our play,
And most of it was clean.
It wasn't as it is today
When "fun" is most obscene.

Time has left me far behind,
While of the past I gab,
But a better pal I'll never find
Than the one I knew as "Dab".

1982

TRIBUTE TO JACK ARNOLD

I know it has a hollow sound,
Of words of cheer I say
As another year rolls around,
In honor of your day.

I know that you're aware
Of what you mean to me.
Respect and love is still there;
Thanks, Jack, for the memory.

MY BROTHER (IN-LAW)

I have a brother (Cotton) Jack
With whom I like to be.
He is sharp as a tack,
And puzzles are his specialty.

He doesn't gripe, that's understood.
Just once I heard him grumble,
"This newspaper is no good,
Because it hasn't got a jumble."

1982

ROXIE

My pet doggie, "Roxie"
Has no faults, I know.
She's right there to cheer me
On my lonely pillow.

She never barks or growls,
Her appetite is nil.
No trouble with her bowels;
In fact, she's never ill.

I'd hate to be without "Roxie"
So thank you once again.
She's always there to greet me,
And help to ease the pain.

June 1982

(Roxie is a stuffed animal given to
Bill by a friend named Roxie).

SPOOKIE

Spookie may be just a dog to you,
But to me she was much more.
Willing, friendly, kind, and true,
And loyal to the core.

She's happy now in "Doggie Sky"
With ears alert and wagging tail.
I see her in my mind's eye,
Trotting down her bunny trail.

Oct 1985

THANKS, JEAN AND GUY

It's great to feel I'm wanted,
Whether I'm needed or not.
It's nice to know I'm counted
By the ones I love a lot.

When old age has me reeling,
And my trail is full of rocks,
I wouldn't trade that feeling
For all the gold in Fort Knox.

Dad - Thanksgiving 1986

TO TINA KYLE

Her blood is pure Mexican,
But no hyphen (-) is in sight.
She's a true American,
And her heart and mind are right.

She calls herself "The Wet-back,"
And smiles from ear to ear;
But to me and my pack,
She's "The Mother of the Year."

1987

Juventina Kyle is an El Centro,
California, friend and former neighbor
of Bill and Irene.

TO JIM

We had a son we called Jim.
He was cheerful and bright.
Every night we tucked him in,
And kissed him a good night.

Last Christmas I spent with him,
And knew that all was right,
For each night he tucked me in,
And kissed me a good night.

He'd remembered all those years
Since he was a little tyke,
How I'd come, quell his fears,
And kiss him a good night.

Christmas 1990

BETTY JO

Our first child, Betty Jo,
Of whom we were very proud.
We'd dress up, to town we'd go
To show her to the crowd.

She'd strut along at age four
As if she was matured;
Like she'd done it all before,
And of this she was assured.

She never caused me worry,
Her devotion makes me glad.
She never made me sorry,
And I'm proud to be her Dad.

Oct 8, 1992

RUTHIE (RUTH ARNOLD)

Here is to my sister, Ruthie,
Quarrels we have never had.
You always understood me
Whether I was good or bad.

I was seven when you were born
Early on that summer morn.
I thought that you were pretty neat,
And our family was complete.

I was older, by seven years,
You trusted me to quell your fears.
May you always live in peace,
And your pleasures never cease.

Love from Brother Bill

Oct 10, 1992

TO A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

(MELBA HENDERSON)

You have lived right next door,
But all good things must end.
I've lost you as a neighbor,
But I hope not as a friend.

1990

THANKSGIVING 1990

(TO JAMIE CAPENER)

I have lived these many years,
Joys and sorrow, hopes and fears.
I know now what it takes
To avoid life's mistakes.

A few friends, tried and true
Upon whom I can depend.
High on my list, Jamie, is you.
Thanks for being my good friend.

TO MY DOCTOR

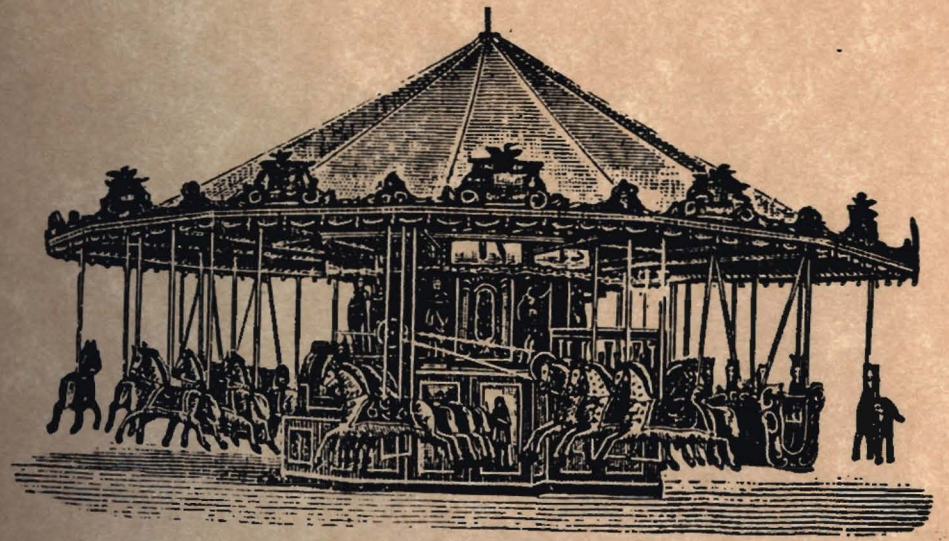
Let's play you're a veterinary,
And I am just a horse.
You must do what is necessary
To keep me on the course.

Maybe you think I am just a fool,
And possibly I am.
I never went to medical school
Or doctored any man.

So don't ask me, "What is wrong with
you?"
As many doctors do.
I never have any aches or pain;
I don't know why I came.

Oct 1992

CONCLUSIVE THOUGHTS



MY PRAYER OF THANKS

God, you have been good to me,
And I want to thank Thee.
I've always had something to eat,
A place to rest, a place to sleep.
I've always had something to wear
And never pain I couldn't bear.
I have good friends and family
Whom I love, and they love me.
They would come if I'd call.
Please, God, help me deserve it all.
Please help my friends and me
To live as you decree.
Please have mercy on me
When I come to thee.

Amen

Feb 12, 1980

MY LAST WILL

I won't leave a lot of gold
Nor other coin of the realm,
But I'll leave wealth all untold,
Wealth which will overwhelm.

To the flowers I'll leave the sunshine,
To plants I'll leave the rain.
Birds will get the daytime
So they can sing again.

I'll leave the future to the young
Whose life has just begun.
I'll leave the stars and the moon
beams
To those who love and dream.

The rainbow with its pot of gold
I'll leave to those who grow old,
And to them I'll leave the memory
Of the kids around their knee.

To my friends I'll leave the memory
Of what they've meant to me.
Added up, I leave a lot
Of wealth, for these cannot be bought.

Feb 20, 1984

MY LAST WISH

When it's my time to cross the Hill,
And doctors say "There is no hope,"
Don't try to give me a pill,
Or fill me up with dope.

Let me go as God intended
With what I have to offer.
Don't make me live a life extended
To swell some phoney's coffer.

1991

